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AUBERT GALLION QUE
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Mrs. Read of the Salvation Army.

The promotion of Brigadier Mrs. Read to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, on the platform of the Massey Hall, at a recent meeting in Toronto, was one of the most gratifying features to Salvationists, who most emphatically expressed their approval by hearty applause.

Mrs. Read (nee Blanche Goodall) has been an officer in the Army for nearly sixteen years. In July, 1884, she appeared as a trembling lassie cadet at London, Ontario. From there she was sent to Kingston, as lieutenant, and then commanded, as captain, several other Ontario corps, namely, Picton, Lisgar Street, Orillia, Brantford, Orangeville, Lindsay, and Essex Centre. Thus Capt. Blanche Goodall spent her first five years as a field officer, gathering valuable and practical experiences of dealing with the sorrows and sins of mankind.

FIRST SOCIAL APPOINTMENT.

In 1889 Commissioner Coombs found so many cases of drunkenness among women in Toronto that the establishment of a separate home in the centre of the city for such cases appeared pressing. The building in the rear of the old printing house was fitted up for the purpose, and Capt. Goodall placed in charge, being promoted at the time to the rank of Brigade-Captain.

On the 14th of May, 1890, she married Staff-Capt. Read, who was then editor of the 'War Cry,' and became a great help to him in his editorial work. Mrs. Read continued, after marriage, to discharge various duties. Among these she had charge of the Auxiliary department, was correspondent for headquarters with sick officers, financial, special, etc. Mrs. Read also had charge of the Rescue Work for some time previous to the arrival of Mrs. Herbert Booth in Canada.

Next followed a period of new and different work. Jointly with her husband, Major Read, she was appointed provincial secretary, and as such they commanded in Newfoundland and the North-West Provinces. It was while in the North-West that Major Read's illness became alarming, and demanded a change of work, which would require less travelling and little exposure to changeable weather. He was appointed financial secretary at Territorial headquarters, and Mrs. Read assisted him with the auxiliary section of his department. The insatiate desire of her husband to be at the battle's front, and deal with the crowds of heedless sinners, was recognized by the Commissioner, and again followed a short appointment of Major and Mrs. Read as provincial secretaries for Central Ontario, in which capacity they were promoted to the rank of brigadiers.

THE SORROW OF HER LIFE.

Then followed the days of severe trial to Mrs. Read. Her energetic husband was compelled to rest. The fatal sickness told upon his strength. A ray of hope penetrated those dark days, when the General interested himself in Brigadier Read's case, and through his effort arrangements were made for him to undergo a special treatment in a famous institute in London, Eng. But God willed it otherwise. In October, 1898, Brigadier Read was promoted to his celestial place, prepared for him and all faithful srevants of the Master.

Mrs. Read had taken the entire supervision of the Rescue Work for women and children in July, 1896, when Mrs. Herbert Booth left Canada, and has filled this important position with ability and success.

In an interview with Mrs. Read, she gave the 'War Cry' reporter some information about the work accomplished in her branch, which is positively startling. We have heard of the work accomplished by independent missions, other organizations, and various denominations, and with pleasure have noticed that the press and public gave well-deserved recognition of the work done

MRS. READ.

by those faithful toilers among the pariahs of society, but even the most rosy records cannot come any way near the facts that have been achieved in our Women's Institutions of this Territory. Surely we have been very modest in embellishing our records, but why should we not bring these things more to the public notice, since we lay the glory of it at the feet of him whom we call Master, and whose love constrains us?

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

'It is a source of gratification to me,' said Mrs. Read, 'on this important occasion to present a brief report of the Women's Social Department, which embraces the Children's and League of Mercy work. 'Advance,' is our watchword.

'After careful retrospection of our spiritual, philanthropic work, I am delighted to report decided progress, and although it has not been as great as we have desired, yet much that has been very satisfactory has been accomplished.

'Since the field commissioner assumed command of this territory, three years and a half ago, we have sheltered and cared for 2,030 girls, 85 of whom have been satisfactory cases; and 1,014 helpless little children. We have developed our facilities in several cities. In Toronto and Montreal we have opened more commodious homes, a new institution has been opened in Butte, and an officer has been despatched to Vancouver to inaugurate our much-needed work. We have moved our Rescue operations into larger premises in Halifax, and are building an addition to our present home in St. Johns,' Nfld. We have established a Maternity Hospital in St. John, N.B., and a Working-Women's Home in Montreal. We are also opening a larger home for children in this city in the course of a few weeks. Our work has received government and civic recognition in several instances, the most notable being the subsidizing of it by an annual grant from the Newfoundland and Manitoba Governments, the city council of Winnipeg, and the Spokane county council.

'By our own industries we have increased our income to the amount of $5,860.

LEAGUE OF MERCY.

'Three and a half years ago the League of Mercy was organized in the city of Toronto only. It is now working successfully and

systematically in almost every city from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the hospitals and prisons of Newfoundland and the far-away Klondike our Mercy Leagues are carrying on their noble mission. We are visiting nearly all the public institutions, including prisons, hospitals, poor houses, Home for Incurables and Refuges for the Aged. We are distributing thousands of papers and magazines, and ministering to the needs of the sinful, the sick, and the sorrowful. It is a joy to know of hundreds of lives being brightened, homes made happy, and the sufferings of the poor ameliorated.

'We are encouraged by what has been accomplished and trust that in future days still greater victories will be achieved in the name of our Lord and Master.'

Two Indian Widows.

(By Kate Parks, in 'Christian and Missionary Alliance.')

About five years ago, Tara the little Brahmin girl you see in the first picture, who was then eleven years old, was living with her brother-in-law and his wife. She was a child widow. Her mother had died while she was yet an infant, her father married again and her step-mother sold her at five years of age to a man fifty-five years old for one hundred rupees (a little more than $30) and she became his wife. After

TARA, A HEATHEN.

one year the man died, leaving Tara a widow. Then, according to the custom regarding Hindu widows, the child's head was shaved, her tearli (waist) taken off, and she was henceforth obliged to dress as you see her in the picture.

Her husband's brother and his wife treated her most cruelly. As she grew older and was able to work she was set to do the drudgery of the family and, as they kept an eating-house, this was no small task. The heavy brass water-pots which you see by her side in the picture had to be filled many times a day and carried home, one on top of the other, on her young head for the household cooking, cleaning, etc. If there was the least failure in obedience the child was beaten mercilessly and often branded with a hot iron, the marks of which she carries to-day.

Five years passed in this way and she finally became desperate, and having heard of the 'Sharada Sadan,' a school for widows in Poona, she determined to run away, and induced a neighbor to write and ask Ramabai to come and get her. The kind friend was evidently very illiterate, for his letter was scarcely legible. From it, however, Ramabai understood that somewhere was a child-widow whose condition was so miserable that unless help was given soon she might take her own life. The postmark indicated what part of the country the

TARA, A CHRISTIAN.

letter was from, and Ramabai prayed earnestly that God would guide her to this suffering soul.

In two weeks God sent a woman to Ramabai's school who knew of the case and could tell her all about it. Ramabai sent a teacher for her and the child was found. Tara had often told her people that she would run away, and the day she went the family someway mistrusted she was about to leave and the cruel sister-in-law came to the station and even scanned closely the group in which Tara was standing, but God mercifully and, in what seemed to them, a miraculous manner, kept her from recognizing the child, and she escaped.

Coming to the school, two years passed before she came to prayers, for, true to the principles upon which the school was established, it is a place of perfect religious liberty, and the pupils can keep on with their old idolatrous worship or leaving that come out into the light and liberty of the glorious gospel of Christ, just as they choose, but blessed be his name the gospel is still the 'power of God unto salvation,' and as they see it lived before their eyes from day to day there gradually comes into many of their hearts a longing to understand it for themselves, and coming into prayers they hear the truth and 'the truth makes them free' and they joyfully give their lives to Christ.

After Tara had been attending prayers for some time she one day announced to Ramabai her intention of becoming a Christian and of being baptized.

From that time on she has grown in grace and is now a beautiful Christian girl, who will soon marry an Indian Christian teacher in one of the missions.

You see her as she is now in the second picture.

As I saw her bending over her class in Sunday-school not long ago, her face all aglow with the blessed story of the cross, which she was telling, my heart exclaimed, 'What hath God wrought!'

Another child-widow whom God separated from her people for himself was Rookmabai. Her husband dying when she was fifteen years of age she was left to the tender mercies of her mother-in-law. She was branded with a hot iron, beaten, and sometimes hung by her feet over a prickly pear bush, so that if she moved she would tear and scratch herself, while under her nose they placed live coals sprinkled with pepper. Some of her relatives finally rescued her and sent her to Ramabai. She came into prayers for a day after entering the school and then for a year was not seen in the prayer-room at all; but God laid his hand upon her.

She became very ill with what the doctor pronounced black leprosy. Her hands and fingers were very painful, and though she took medicine, the disease gained ground and the physician said she must be separated from the other girls. Ramabai said to her: 'One thing I know, only God can heal you, and he can and will, if you will ask him.' But Rookmabai, not only would not pray for herself but absolutely refused to let others pray with her. Her disease grew worse daily and at length she came to Ramabai and said, 'You may pray for me.' God heard and in two weeks the girl was well. From that time her face was turned to Jesus, who had so graciously healed her body, and she became his loyal and loving disciple, and is now a valued assistant in the school.

Forward.

(By James Buckham, in 'Forward.')

Move to the fore!
Men whom God hath made fit for the fray!
Not yours to shrink as the feeble ones may,
Not yours to parley and quibble and shirk,
Ill for the world if ye do not God's work.
Move to the fore!

Move to the fore!
Say not another is fitter than thou—
Shame to the manhood that sits on thy brow!
Own thyself equal to all that man may,
Cease thine evading; God needs thee to-day.
Move to the fore!

Move to the fore!
God Himself waits, and must wait, till thou come,
Men are God's prophets though ages lie dumb,
Halts the Christ Kingdom with conquest so near?
Thou art the cause, then, thou man at the rear,
Move to the fore!

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN LEVITICUS.

Mar. 25., Sun.—A Sabbath for the Lord.
Mar. 26., Mon.—Ye shall not oppress one another.
Mar. 27., Tues.—Thou shalt fear thy God.
Mar. 28., Wed.—Ye shall be My people.
Mar 29., Thurs.—I will not cast them away.
Mar. 30., Fri.—All that any man giveth . . . unto the Lord shall be holy.
Mar. 31., Sat.—The tenth shall be holy unto the Lord.

A great many more of the scholars in our Sunday-schools should be converted to God. The great purpose of our work is to lead souls to Christ. This purpose is not reached as it should be. Who is to blame? Many of our scholars if not saved through the work of the Sunday-school will never be saved.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

She had very soon need of all her courage, for at the week's end her baby fell dangerously ill. Slavin's anxiety and fear were not relieved much by the reports the men brought him from time to time of Geordie's ominous forebodings; for Geordie had no doubt but that the Avenger of Blood was hot upon Slavin's trail; and as the sickness grew, he became confirmed in this conviction. While he could not be said to find satisfaction in Slavin's impending affliction, he could hardly hide his complacency in the promptness of Providence in vindicating his theory of retribution.

But Geordie's complacency was somewhat rudely shocked by Mr. Craig's answer to his theory one day.

'You read your Bible to little profit, it seems to me, Geordie; or, perhaps, you have never read the Master's teaching about the Tower of Siloam. Better read that and take that warning to yourself.'

Geordie gazed after Mr. Craig as he turned away, and muttered—

'The toor o' Siloam, is it? Ay, a' kon fine aboot the toor o' Siloam, and aboot the toor o' Babel as well; an' a've read, too, about the blaspheemious Herod, an' sic like. Man, but he's a hot-heided laddie, and lacks discreemeenation.'

'What about Herod, Geordie?' I asked.

'Aboot Herod?' with a strong tinge of contempt in his tone. 'Aboot Herod? Man, hae ye no' read in the Scriptures aboot Herod an' the wur-r-ms in the wame o' him?'

'Oh, yes, I see,' I hastened to answer.

'Ay, a fule can see what's flapped in his face,' with which bit of proverbial philosophy he suddenly left me. But Geordie thenceforth contented himself, in Mr. Craig's presence at least, with ominous head-shakings, equally aggravating, and impossible to answer.

That same night, however, Geordie showed that with all his theories he had a man's true heart, for he came in haste to Mrs. Mavor to say:

'Ye'll be needed ower yonder? Have you been in?'

'Na, na,' replied Geordie cautiously, 'a'll no gang where a'm no wanted. But yon puir thing, ye can hear ootside weepin' and moanin'.'

'She'll maybe need ye tae,' he went on dubiously to me. 'Ye're a kind o' doctor, a' hear,' not committing himself to any opinion as to my professional value. But Slavin would have none of me, having got the doctor sober enough to prescribe.

The interest of the camp in Slavin was greatly increased by the illness of his baby, which was to him as the apple of his eye. There were a few who, impressed by Geordie's profound convictions upon the matter, were inclined to favor the retribution theory, and connect the baby's illness with the vengeance of the Almighty. Among these few was Slavin himself, and goaded by his remorseful terrors he sought relief in drink. But this brought him only deeper and fiercer gloom; so that between her suffering child and her savagely despairing husband, the poor mother was desperate with terror and grief.

'Ah! madame,' she sobbed to Mrs. Mavor, 'my heart is broke for him. He's heet noting for three days, but jis dreenk, dreenk, dreenk.'

The next day a man came for me in haste. The baby was dying and the doctor was drunk. I found the little one in a convulsion lying across Mrs. Mavor's knees, the mother kneeling beside it, wringing her hands in a dumb agony, and Slavin standing near, silent and suffering. I glanced at the bottle of medicine upon the table and asked Mrs. Mavor the dose, and found the baby had been poisoned. My look of horror told Slavin something was wrong, and striding to me he caught my arm and asked—

'What is it? Is the medicine wrong?'

I tried to put him off, but his grip tightened till his fingers seemed to reach the bone.

'The dose is certainly too large; but let me go, I must do something.'

He let me go at once, saying in a voice that made my heart sore for him, 'He has killed my baby; he has killed my baby.' And then he cursed the doctor with awful curses, and with a look of such murderous fury on his face that I was glad the doctor was too drunk to appear.

His wife hearing his curses, and understanding the cause, broke out into wailing hard to bear.

'Ah! mon petit ange! It is dat wheeskey dat's keel mon baby. Ah! mon cheri, mon amour. Ah! mon Dieu! Ah, Michel, how often I say that wheeskey he's not good ting.'

It was more than Slavin could bear, and with awful curses he passed out. Mrs. Mavor laid the baby in its crib, for the convulsion had passed away; and putting her arms about the wailing little Frenchwoman, comforted and soothed her as a mother might her child.

'And you must help your husband,' I heard her say. 'He will need you more than ever. Think of him.'

'Ah! oui! I weel,' was the quick reply, and from that moment there was no more wailing.

It seemed no more than a minute till Slavin came in again, sober, quiet, and steady; the passion was all gone from his face, and only the grief remained.

As we stood leaning over the sleeping child the little thing opened its eyes, saw its father, and smiled. It was too much for him. The big man dropped on his knees with a dry sob.

'Is there no chance at all, at all?' he whispered, but I could give him no hope. He immediately rose, and pulling himself together, stood perfectly quiet.

A new terror seized upon the mother.

'My baby is not—what you call it?' going through the form of baptism. 'An' he will not come to la sainte Vierge,' she said, crossing herself.

'Do not fear for your little one,' said Mrs. Mavor, still with her arms about her. 'The good Saviour will take your darling into His own arms.'

But the mother would not be comforted by this. And Slavin too, was uneasy.

'Where is Father Goulet?' he asked.

'Ah! you were not good to the holy pere de las tam, Michael,' she replied sadly. 'The saints are not please for you.'

'Where is the priest?' he demanded.

'I know not for sure. At de Landin', dat's lak.'

'I'll go for him,' he said. But his wife clung to him, beseeching him not to leave her, and indeed he was loth to leave his little one.

I found Craig and told him the difficulty. With his usual promptness, he was ready with a solution.

'Nixon has a team. He will go.' Then he added, 'I wonder if they would not like me to baptize their little one. Father Goulet and I have exchanged offices before now. I remember how he came to one of my people in my absence, when she was dying, read with her, prayed with her, comforted her, and helped her across the river. He is a good soul, and has no nonsense about him. Send for me if you think there is need. It will make no difference to the baby, but it will comfort the mother.'

Nixon was willing enough to go; but when he came to the door Mrs. Mavor saw the hard look in his face. He had not forgotten his wrong, for day by day he was still fighting the devil within that Slavin had called to life. But Mrs. Mavor, under cover of getting him instructions, drew him into the room. While listening to her, his eyes wandered from one to the other of the group till they rested upon the little white face in the crib. She noticed the change in his face.

'They fear the little one will never see the Saviour if it is not baptized,' she said, in a low tone.

He was eager to go.

'I'll do my best to get the priest,' he said, and was gone on his sixty miles' race with death.

The long afternoon wore on, but before it was half gone I saw Nixon could not win, and that the priest would be too late, so I sent for Mr. Craig. From the moment he entered the room he took command of us all. He was so simple, so manly, so tender, the hearts of the parents instinctively turned to him.

As he was about to proceed with the baptism, the mother whispered to Mrs. Mavor, who hesitatingly asked Mr. Craig if he would object to using holy water.

'To me it is the same as any other,' he replied gravely.

'An' will he make the good sign?' asked the mother timidly.

And so the child was baptized by the Presbyterian minister with holy water and with the sign of the cross. I don't suppose it was orthodox, and it renderel chaotic some of my religious notions, but I thought more of Craig that moment than ever before. He was more man than minister, or perhaps he was so good a minister that day because so much a man. As he read about the Saviour and the children and the disciples who tried to get in between them, and as he told us the story in his own simple and beautiful way, and then went on to picture the home of the little children, and the same Saviour in the midst of them, I felt my heart grow warm, and I could easily understand the cry of the mother—

'Oh, mon Jesu, prenez moi aussi, take me wiz mon mignon.'

The cry wakened Slavin's heart, and he said huskily—

'Oh! Annette! Annette!'

'Ah, oui! an' Michael too!' Then to Mr. Craig—

'You tink He's tak me some day? Eh?'

'All who love Him,' he replied.

'An' Michael too?' she asked, her eyes searching his face. 'An' Michael too?'

But Craig only replied: 'All who love Him.'

'Ah, Michael, you must pray le bon Jesu. He's garde notre mignon.' And then she bent over the babe, whispering—

'Ah, mon cher! mon amour, adieu! adieu! mon ange!' till Slavin put his arms about her and took her away, for as she was whispering her farewells, her baby, with a little answering sigh, passed into the House with many rooms.

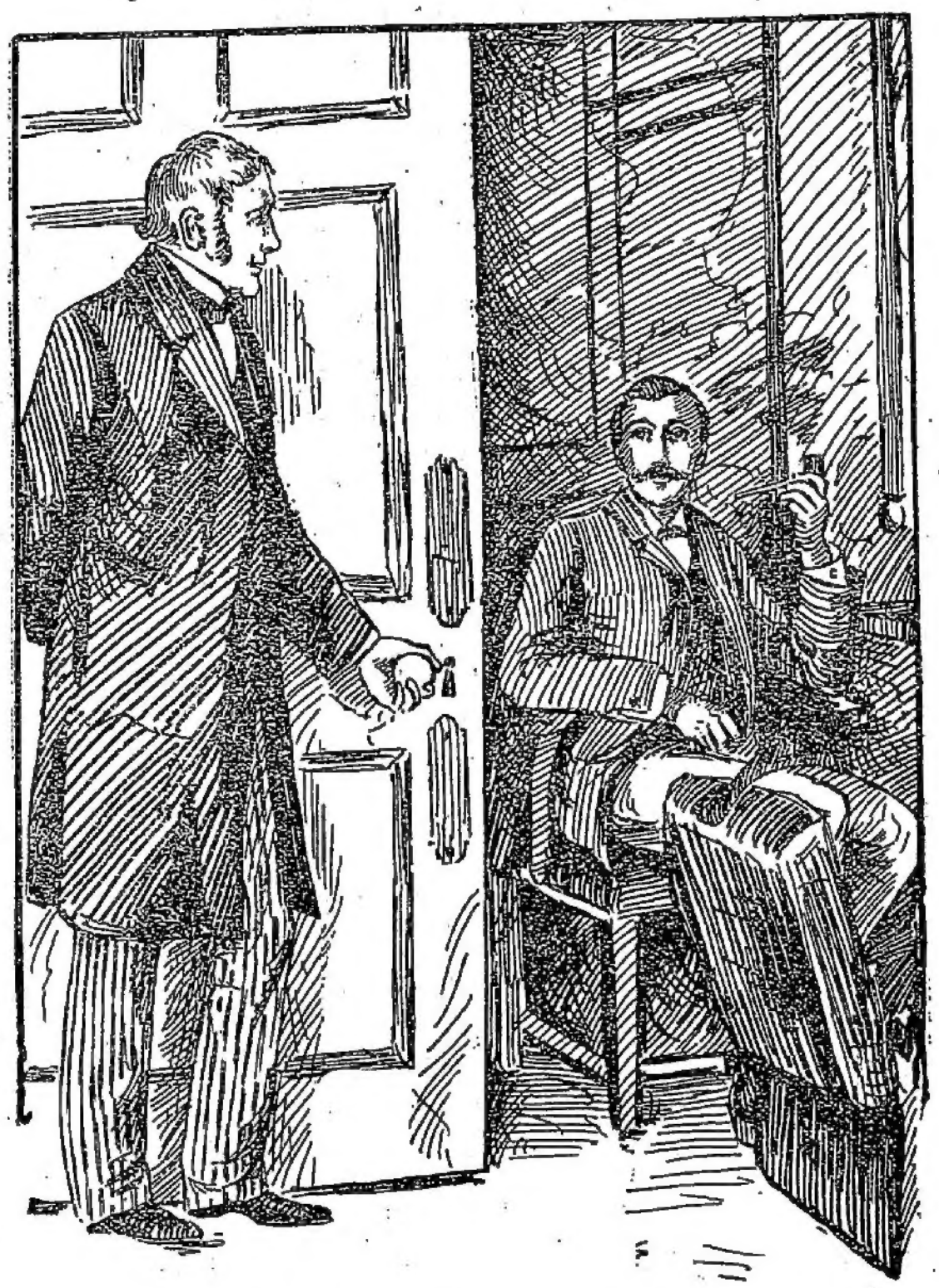
'Whisht, Annette darlin'; don't cry for the baby,' said her husband. 'Shure it's better off than the rest av us, it is. An' didn't ye hear what the minister said about the beautiful place it is? An' shure he wouldn't lie to us at all.' But a mother cannot be comforted for her first-born son.

(To be Continued.)

The Fable of the Ant.

A young man, having finished his college course and spent four years in study in Germany, came back lately to his native village with a lofty contempt for its old-fashioned habits of thought; a contempt which he did not hesitate to express quite frankly.

On Sunday morning he leaned over the



THE OLD VILLAGE DOCTOR CALLED IN.

gate in the shade, watching the neighbors going to church, but did not think of going himself. After the service the old village doctor called in on his way home.

'Hallo, doctor!' exclaimed the young man, 'is it possible you are still going through the same old routine of religious forms?'

'Well, yes, Jack,' the doctor said, cheerfully. 'The same old prayers, same old Bible. They agree with a man at the end of life. I infer from your question that they don't agree with you,' looking at him keenly.

'I don't agree with them,' said Jack, haughtily. 'There are too many important matters in life for me to spend my time trying to "find Christ," as the phrase it.'

'What important matters?'

'Science, for one. That is a fact. I can grasp that. Reform in politics; the improvement of the working-class. These are real things. People nowadays want real things. They do not accept a God whom they cannot see nor hear. They devote themselves to science, to charitable works. They have buried this old-time idea of God out of sight.'

The doctor nodded. 'I see,' he said, gravely. 'And yet—science as yet is but a groping effort to understand his laws, and there is not a charitable or noble thought which can come into any of our heads which had not its origin in him. Do you remember the Indian fable of the ant, Jack?'

'No. What is it?'

'The ant, coming out of the ground for the first time, found fault with the sun. Why was it so hot here and cool yonder? The glare was intolerable; some leaves were parched by it. "I could manage things better if I were up yonder," it said loudly.

'The trees explained to the ant that the sun brought life to the whole world, now that winter was over. "It's a big world," they said; "it extends outside of this garden"!

'But the ant said, "The sun does not explain himself to me. If he will not justify himself to me, I will bury him out of sight.",

'So the ant crept into his inch-deep hole, and worked there in the dark for a day or two, and then lay dead, while the sun went on shining.'

Jack forced a smile. 'I suspect, doctor, that you invented the fable. It's simply a repetition of the same old story.'

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'old as Christianity. God is as necessary to the soul's real needs as the sun is to the flower.'—'Cottager and Artisan.'

Pressed Down, Running Over

KIMBALL LED MOODY TO CHRIST, AND MOODY LED KIMBALL'S CHILDREN.

(By the Rev. William Manchee, in New York 'Observer.')

In the early summer of 1879, after taking part in a very fruitful ten weeks' evangelistic campaign in Guelph, Canada, with the Rev. E. P. Hammond, I visited St. John, New Brunswick, to fill a preaching engagement in that city. I went by steamer from Portland, Me., to St. John's. As the steamer neared the pier, I saw on it a tall, keen eyed Yankee scrutinizing the passengers who had gathered on the deck of the boat. I was struck with the evident earnestness of his searching look, and felt that so careful a gaze ought to end in success. I had no idea that it had aught to do with me, for I had no expectation of being met at the pier, as the time of my arrival had not been intimated.

Shortly afterward I saw the same man making his way along the saloon of the steamer, where I was waiting to go ashore. Speaking to one another as he came down the saloon towards where I stood he finally saluted me:

'I am looking for Mr. Manchee,' he said.

'You are speaking to him. But you have the advantage of him, for you know my name, but I do not know yours.'

He answered: 'I am Edward Kimball; you may possibly have heard of me as a raiser of church debts.'

'Edward Kimball,' I said, 'surely this is a providential meeting; I have often prayed that God would bring us together, for I want to know the man who was God's instrument in Moody's conversion. I have longed to know the human influence that set such a great, fruitful life as Moody's in motion.'

This was the beginning of a friendship that has never been broken though distance and duty have hindered its enjoyment.

In the weeks following this meeting, Mr. Kimball told me the story of Dwight L. Moody's journey from his home in Northfield to Boston, and his settlement there, as well as of his conversion. It came about in this way.

One day I said to Mr. Kimball: 'It is said that you were of the opinion in the early days of your acquaintance with Mr. Moody, that he would never amount to much. Is that so?'

He replied, 'No. My impression of Moody from the beginning, was that there was a great deal in him, and I soon predicted that he would make his mark in the world. His conversion was so marked, and his personality so decided that I expected great things from his future.'

Then Kimball told me this story.

At a family gathering in Moody's home

one Thanksgiving, he told his uncle, Samuel Holton, that he was going to Boston to get work. His uncle dissuaded him from this step and urged him to stay at home. Sometime after, one afternoon young Moody appeared at his uncle's store, and said he had come to get work.

'Where?' asked Samuel Holton.

'Oh, here in Boston,' replied Mr. Moody.

'Well,' said Holton, 'it is too late now to look after a place. You had better come home with me and stay for the night.'

Mr. Moody did so and spent several days scouring round Boston in search of a situation, and experiencing the difficulty of getting one.

At last he became despondent over his ill-fortune; his uncle, who had let him run the gamut of this hard experience 'to learn him a lesson,' arranged to take him into his own shoe store on Court street. His uncle in doing this required that young Moody should board at a place he selected, and also that he should go to Mt. Vernon Congregational Church, of which Dr. Edward N. Kirk was then pastor, and of which his uncle was a member, and also that he go to the church Sunday-school.

Accordingly, the next Sunday he was taken to Mt. Vernon Church and entered its Sunday-school. The superintendent of the school led Moody to the class of lads being taught by Edward Kimball. Moody was then about seventeen years old. He sat at the teacher's side, and, handing him a Bible, Mr. Kimball told him where the lesson was, in the third chapter of John's Gospel.

Mr. Kimball noticed a titter going round the class, and dropping his eye upon the new corner found he was looking all through the Bible, beginning at Genesis, for John. Without ceasing his teaching, Mr. Kimball handed Moody his own Bible which was open at the lesson, and continued his instruction.

This was the opening of Kimball's friendship with Moody, who said that he should always think well of the man who did him this good turn.

Sometime after this incident, which so firmly and blessedly bound teacher and scholar together, the Sunday lesson happened to be on Moses. After the teaching, Kimball asked the boys what they thought of Moses, whose doings they had been considering. Opinions were given by the lads, and when Moody's turn came he said: 'I guess that Moses was a mighty smart man.' This and similar things led Mr. Kimball to form the judgment of Moody that we have already mentioned.

Edward Kimball, as all who are acquainted with him know, is an aggressive man. His career of raising church debts, and debts on Christian institutions testifies to this. But long before Kimball had attacked debts, as he has often done since, he exercised his aggressiveness in capturing souls for Christ. When his interest in young Moody started he made up his mind to win him for Jesus.

One day he went to Samuel Holton's store—sometime after telling me the story Kimball took me to the store and showed me the sacred spot where his talk with Moody occurred—and found Moody in the rear of the store wrapping up shoes. Then Kimball pleaded with him to become a Christian, telling him of Christ's love for him, and urging him to give himself to Christ in return for such love.

Eagerly I asked Mr. Kimball: 'What did Moody say?'

He replied: 'I do not know what he said, but there and then he gave himself to God, and pledged himself to His service.'

And that is how Mr. Moody was brought to Jesus, and that is the conversion which has resulted in such untold and untellable blessing for men and the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God. But who can tell the joy of the soul-winner, who was honored of God in leading such a soul-winner as Moody to Jesus!

The soul-winner has his reward. Jesus said: 'Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosom.' How often the Christian worker experiences the truth of this assurance of Christ. But see its fulfilment in Edward Kimball's case, as the sequel of his leading Moody to Christ reveals.

When the great evangelist labored in Chicago years after, and hundreds were brought to decision for God, one night a young man announced to Mr. Moody his conversion to Christ as the result of Mr. Moody's earnest appeals.

'Who are you?' said Moody.

'I am Edward Kimball's son,' said the young man.

And when a little later Moody met Kimball, and told him of his son's conversion, he added that nothing had given him more joy than to lead to Christ the son of the man who had led him to Jesus.

Some years later, when Mr. Moody was conducting meetings in Brooklyn, a young woman thanked him for helping her to decide for Christ. And this young woman was Edward Kimball's daughter.

So the story completes itself, and he who led Moody to God saw Moody lead his to God. Let us labor unswervingly then, for in due time we shall reap.

The Land of 'Make-Believe.'

It lies in the distance, dim and sweet,
  On the borders of Long Ago,
And the road is worn by little feet
  That have journeyed there to and fro;
And though you may seek it by night or day,
  The task you will never achieve,
For only the little ones know the way
  To the land of 'Make-Believe.'

Clad in their armour of Faith they ride
  On the wings of their fancy fleet,
And we hear, as we listen and wait outside,
  The echo of laughter sweet.
It lightens the burdens of toil we bear,
  It brightens the hearts that grieve;
Till we wish we could follow and enter there
  In the land of 'Make-Believe.'

And oh, the wonderful tales that are told
  Of the marvellous sights they see!
For the weak grow strong and the young grow old,
  And are each what they wish to be.
Oh, the deeds of valor, the mighty things—
  Too bold for mind to conceive!
But these are every-day happenings
  In the land of 'Make-Believe.'

Would you follow the print of the tiny feet,
  You must walk, as they, undefiled;
Would you join in their fancies pure and sweet,
  You must be as a little child.
But in vain should we seek it by night or day,
  The task we should never achieve!
For only the little ones know the way
  To the land of 'Make-Believe.'

—'Westminster.'

A Talk With the Girls About Truth.

'Truth!' exclaims a girl who reads this title: 'do you think we would tell lies?' No; at least I hope there are very few readers of the 'Journal' who would do anything so mean, so contemptible, so sinful. And yet you know that, without actually uttering a lie, you may be thoroughly untrue: and more than this, you may sometimes be so without even being aware of it. Now so long as there is anything untrue about you, there is a serious fault in your character. There is nothing more beautiful and attractive in man or woman than a character of perfect transparent truthfulness—where there is nothing to hide, and no need to deceive; and without this, you can never be really good and noble women. Let me speak to you then of some forms of untruth, which, if you have hitherto indulged in them, I hope you will now earnestly guard against, and entirely lay aside. One of the commonest of these is a habit of exaggeration. Almost everybody feels tempted, in telling of something that has happened, to add a little to it so as to make the story more striking or amusing. Are you not conscious of sometimes doing this, and if so, do you not see, not only that it is untrue, but that it quite misses the intended effect; for people soon learn to know one who exaggerates, and while you tell your story, they quietly, in their own minds, set aside a part of the wonder of it to make allowance for what you may have added. Or, do you use large and strong expressions when weaker ones would be more exact? such as 'I would give all the world to know how Jane would look.' That is not true:—perhaps you would not even give a shilling for the sight, if it were put in your power. 'I thought I should have died with laughing.' You did not think any such thing. If you had, your laughing would have come quickly to an end. 'Well, I never in all my life saw the like of that.' Yes, you did; and things much more wonderful many a time. 'Oh, but,' you say, 'everybody understands that; they know you don't mean it all.' But why should everybody understand that you say what is not true? Would it not be wiser and better, and more seemly, to say exactly what you mean; to tell a story exactly as it happened; so that those who hear you may feel sure that the thing is just as you say,—not different even by a hair's breadth? Another form of untruth, and a worse one, because it cannot, like exaggeration, be practised unconsciously, is equivocation—hiding a part of the truth while seeming to tell all. For example, Maria wishes to have a gossip with an idle friend down the street, but she is not sure that her mother may think it at all necessary; so she says, 'Mother, may I go down to buy some finer needles, and take a bowl of soup to old Susan?' and having done these errands she spends half an hour with her friend, and says nothing about it when she comes home. Or Ellen's mother comes in after some hours' absence, and wonders that her daughter's work has made so little progress. 'Well, mother,' says Ellen, 'Baby was up, and it took a long time to get her to sleep again.' Yes, but Ellen, you have forgotten the longer time you spent at the window watching those ladies, and studying their fashionable bonnets. 'Louisa,' said a kind grandmamma to one of the young guests who were dancing on her lawn on a sunny afternoon, 'don't you feel that dress very warm?' 'Oh, no, grandmamma. I have several white dresses

at home, but I preferred coming in this.' Probably she did, as the white ones were all night-dresses, except one, which she had worn at her baptism. Mean girl! she was rightly punished. Her grandmamma had bought a pretty embroidered muslin to present to her, but finding her so well supplied, she reservel her gift for a grandchild with a smaller wardrobe. Do you remember uttering any such half truths as these? and if so, did you not despise yourself for them at the time, and do you not blush to think of them now? Need I speak of such acts as secretly looking at a lesson in class time, or receiving help in exercises which are to pass as entirely your own? Surely any girl who would shrink from the name of a liar will scorn such doings; and yet have you not often counted it a smaller thing to talk and waste your time when trusted to study alone?

I wish now to speak to you about certain feelings, not always in themselves wrong feelings, which often tempt to untruth.

Fear of reproof is one of these. A young servant in dusting a room takes up a book full of beautiful pictures, and forgets her work in looking through it; and then, at the sound of her mistress's step, snatches up her broom, and looks, untruly, as if she had been very busy; or by carelessness she breaks some ornament, and to escape reproof puts the parts carefully together in their places, so that it may fall to pieces in some other hands; thus saying, by her action, that she knows nothing about it. Or a daughter is reading a novel, when she ought to be working; but when the door opens, the book is pushed behind the sofa cushion, or under her work, and she is sewing as if she had thought of nothing else all the time. Are not these actions lies, as much as if you had spoken them? Something like this is the love of approbation, which some people feel much more strongly than others, and which is not in itself a wrong feeling. You wish to gain the good opinion of some one whom you admire and esteem, but, in order to do so, you express opinions and feelings which are not really your own, or you put on an appearance of interest in things in which you really feel none. Of course, in all such cases, the way to escape the temptation is plain avoid the actions for which you would fear reproof, or which you might find it needful to conceal; and be in reality what you wish others to think you. Personal vanity, itself a contemptible feeling, often leads to untruth in action. Jane is out at tea one evening. She is a beautiful player on the piano, and anxious that everybody should know it; but nobody proposes music. Jane looks at the piano, praises its beauty, asks her hostess if she plays, and if the tones of the instrument are as fine as its appearance, and at last gains her purpose, and is asked to play. I remember discovering, one evening when dressed in a low-bodied black dress, that a rich crimson scarf made a beautiful contrast with it, and was very becoming. I did not appear in it at tea, as that would have excited remark; but shortly afterwards, pretending to shiver, though the evening was mild, I left the room and returned with the scarf thrown gracefully round my shoulders; well deserving the remark of a caustic old lady who was present, 'What a piece of affectation! putting on that thing just to show off your white neck.' You laugh and say, 'How silly!' Yes; it was silly; but it was worse: that shiver was a lie. These are but a few out of the very many ways in which the truth is constantly violated even by persons who would be indignant at a charge of falsehood. I might speak of the habit, so common both with young and old, of professing great pleasure at the arrival of visitors, and rejoicing at their departure as soon as they are gone; or praising and flattering companions, and then laughing at them behind their backs; but the examples already given are sufficient to enable any one who is willing to detect the untruth among your daily habits; surely you will determine that it shall be so no more. Think how hateful and grievous such things must be in the eyes of the Lord Jesus,—who is Himself the Truth, who desires 'truth in the inward parts;' and in whose own perfect and lovely character every act and word were the exact expression of the holy and loving heart. Can you be a child and follower of His, while you practise any kind of untruth? Will you not determine that henceforth all who know you may be able to say of you, 'You may trust that girl entirely: she says exactly what she means, and she is exactly what she seems to be?'—'League Journal.'

Jeannie's Christian Endeavor Awakening.

(By Anna E. Hahn, in 'Forward.')

Jeannie Gordon was getting ready to go to the Christian Endeavor meeting, and was standing before her mirror looking at her reflected face as she donned her hat and jacket. It was only a plain little sailor hat, and the jacket showed several seasons' wear. Her face showed wear, too—not the wear of time, for Jeannie was still a young girl, but the wear of work and worry, the wear that comes even in youth, when one is constantly 'careful aind troubled about many things.'

For Jeannie's parents were poor, and as her mother was an invalid, and Jeannie was the oldest daughter much of the family care and contriving fell upon her. This, together with the fact that she was naturally of an anxious, care-taking disposition, gave her pretty face a thoughful, troubled look, ill-befitting her years.

'I was foolish in joining the young people's society,' she told herself, as she drew on her gloves. 'I really have no time for it. How can I do any committee work, or even take any part in the weekly programmes? With all this home work and worry, and the strain of constantly tugging to make both ends meet, I'm not fit for anything else. I believe the subject this evening is about Christian work—working for Christ—but I'm not prepared to take any part in the meeting. If I had Allie Brown's leisure and means I might do useful Christian work, and be a help to our society, but as it is I can do nothing.'

Allie Brown was Jeannie's most intimate friend, and a pretty, merry girl, with a pleasant home, plenty of pin-money, and all her out-of-school hours to spend as she pleased. Yet, because of carelessness and indifference, she did but little Christian work.

Jeannie went to the meeting feeling very blue indeed, and crept quietly into a back seat, instead of going well to the front, as all active members are supposed to do. The meeting was opened as usual, and one after another made a prayer, repeated an appropriate text or sentiment, or spoke upon the subject for consideration. But Jeannie remained quiet, not even announcing a hymn, as some do when they have neglected to prepare themselves for any other part.

'I've nothing to say on the subject, because, situated as I am, there's no Christian work I can do,' she thought, half bitterly, half sorrowfully. 'Those who are rich can give money for Christ's work, and those who have time and ability can give that. But I have none of these things. The little I can give or do for Christ is so very little that it amounts to just nothing at all.'

Just then a stranger rose to speak. He was a quiet-looking young man, and spoke with much earnestness. 'When Christ was here on earth in the body,' he said, 'he once found himself in a desert place at evening, with a great multitude of people, all of whom were hungry and had no food, and no near place to obtain it. Pitying their hunger, Christ bade his disciples feed them. But they had with them but little food—only five loaves and two fishes—a small supply indeed, with which to feed more than five thousand hungry people. But when they had taken the scanty food to Jesus, he blessed it and divided it among them, and they distributed it among the people. They all ate of it, and it was enough and more than enough for all.

'I think this miracle teaches us,' continued the young man, 'that our means and abilities, however small, will not be insufficient for any work Christ wishes us to do, if we first take them to him for his blessing. Often when discouraged in Christian work, when the task before me seems great, and my resources small, I seem to hear the Saviour say, "Bring them hither to me." And when I take my scanty time and means and ability to him, as the disciples of old took their few poor loaves and fishes, I find that his blessing has not lost its power to increase and make sufficient. When we shrink from any Christian work, when we doubt and hesitate because of our weakness or lack—let us take whatever we have, however poor and small it be, to him whose blessing can supply all our needs, and make us, if we have willing, earnest hearts, able to accomplish all he wishes us to do.'

Jeannie listened to the stranger's words in amazement. How strange that they should be such a fitting answer to the thoughts that but now had been troubling her! During the remainder of the meeting she did some prayerful thinking, and at the conclusion said to the leader:

'I've concluded to accept the place you offered me on that committee. I think, after all, I can find time for the work.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' replied the leader. 'It is an important committee, and accomplishes much good when the work is properly attended to. You're an excellent worker, Miss Jeannie, and our society is sadly in need of earnest, constant workers. Can we depend upon you as one of them?'

'I think you can,' said Jeannie. 'Yes, I'm sure you can. I've just taken my scanty time and means where the disciples took their few loaves and fishes, and I feel I shall now have sufficient of both to do whatever work Christ wishes me to do. At least I shall not fail because of lack of effort on my part,' she added firmly.

Forenoon and afternoon and night—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night—
Forenoon, and—what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life; make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered and thy crown is won.

—Edward R. Sill.

A Glimpse Under the Hill.

(Mary A. Roberts, in New York 'Observer.')

'What did that boy want?' asked Dr. Hewitt, looking over the top of his paper and spectacles.

'He brought some stale fish yesterday morning, and came this morning to make it right,' answered Mrs. Hewitt.

'Perhaps he's worth taking an interest in.'

'Any boy is worth that,' said Mrs. Hewitt.

This boy was one of the twelve children of a fisherman who lived in a tumble-down house 'under the hill.' Every morning as the sun peeped above the bluffs, Dr. Hewitt saw the Lancey boy in his old boat, threading in and out among the wild ice of the river, spearing fish.

Dan Lancey could not go past a toy or candy store if he had a bit of money in his pocket. It did not matter how hungry he was, or how ragged his clothes were, a tin horn or toothsome bon bon tempted him, and he always yielded. Mrs. Hewitt talked to him one morning and learned that to possess an air-gun was the height of his ambition.

'It is such a foolish thing to encourage,' she said to her husband.

'I admit that. But you may be able to help him in other ways by encouraging him to save his money for that purpose.'

For several weeks Dan hoarded his pennies. Not all of them, for the temptation of the candy store was frequently too much for him. One morning he announced triumphantly that he needed but ten cents more.

'He is at least learning to save,' confided Mrs. Hewitt to her husband.

Dan did not come with fish the next morning. When any of the Lancey family was sick Dr. Hewitt furnished medicine free. On the second morning Dan staggered into the office and between hiccoughs begged for medicine. Dr. Hewitt placed him on a couch and did what he could for him. Mrs. Hewitt dropped on her knees beside the bed.

'Oh, Dan! Dan! What shall I do for you? I am ready to give up in despair. His money is all gone and his resolutions are worse than broken,' she sobbed, as the child drifted off into unconsciousness.

'We cannot understand the temptations that come to the children of the bottoms. Things look black for Dan, but I am not ready to give him up yet,' said the doctor.

When he came again with fish, he begged Mrs. Hewitt to keep his money for him.;

All of this time Dan attended school, and appeared interested for the first time in his life. He was not always prompt, and the odor of the river clung to his clothes. He loved to study the life with which the river teemed, fish, crawfish, lizards, and water snakes. Miss Dolland, his teacher, found that he knew a great deal about the habits of these creatures, and that the little strangers of the ground and air were friends of his. He read all the nature stories Miss Dolland had and begged for more.

The river froze over. Dan set rabbit traps along the bank. Early in the morning he speared fish through holes in the ice. This kept up his little income, and the pennies in Mrs. Hewitt's keeping increased.;

One month, Dan determined not to be absent from school, and for three weeks he was always in his place. One day he came into the school room at eleven o'clock.

'Why, Dan, what is the matter?' asked Miss Dolland.

'I fell into the river and had to go home to get my clothes dry.'

'How did it happen?'

'One of the rabbits got out of the trap. I ran after it and fell through a hole in the ice. Some men were cutting ice on the river yesterday, and I was running so fast that I did not see the place. But I got hold of the edge and scrambled out.'

One morning, Dan was counting his money.

'What do you mean to do with it all, Dan?' asked Mrs. Hewitt.

Dan drew himself up proudly and said: 'I am going to buy me a suit; Miss Dolland says that men and women that are worth anything in the world always respect themselves. I am going to respect myself enough not to wear rags any more.

'And did she tell you, too, that cleanliness is one of the greatest virtues?'

Dan swept Dr. Hewitt's office. One evening he came with his face and hands shining from a violent scrubbing, and his shock hair smooth as it could be made.

'I think I'll go to Sabbath-school next Sabbath. Miss Dolland wants me to come into her class,' he said to the doctor.

That evening Mrs. Hewitt told her husband Dan's idea of self-respect.

'A very great improvement,' said Dr. Hewitt. 'Three months ago he was contented to wear what was given to him. His idea of self-respect is crude, but it will improve. He is going to start to Sabbath-school to-morrow. Why, wife, he is improving wonderfully.'

When the orchards were full of drifting blossoms, Dr. Hewitt went at Dan's request to help choose his new suit. Dr. Hewitt was astonished at the change in the lad's appearance. His sturdy figure looked well in the suit of gray and his fine eyes sparkled with pride and pleasure.

'You will want a Bible, Dan,' said Dr. Hewitt, turning into a book-store.

His growth from this time forward was steady and sure.

'Dan wants to be a naturalist,' said Dr. Hewitt one evening.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Hewitt. 'We had a long talk about it this morning.'

'We will buy books for him as fast as he can use them,' said Dr. Hewitt, thoughtfully, 'our little bit of interest in that boy is being paid back a hundredfold.'

'Yes, I am so thankful,' said Mrs. Hewitt, earnestly, 'and he would have turned out a worthless drunkard if we had not held out our hands to him.'

A Pocket in a Dress.

('Light in the Home.')

Shrouds have no pockets, and fashionable dresses seem made to imitate them. But there are inconveniences connected with the tyranny and tomfoolery of fashion, one of which was illustrated by a speaker in a missionary meeting as follows:—

A lady whom we will call Mrs. Niles, a very prompt, active woman, and one upon whose time many demands were made, went by appointment at a certain hour to her dressmaker"s room. As she entered she found the dressmaker on her knees, arranging the drapery of a dress on another lady.

Mrs. Niles said, with rather more dignity than politeness: 'You see, I am prompt to the moment of your appointment.'

Miss Sims was evidently having some trouble in arranging the drapery in question upon her customer, who was a stout lady, and in a rather worried manner requested Mrs. Niles to be seated and she would soon be ready to wait upon her.

Greatly annoyed at the detention, she walked across the floor in the stiffest manner possible and seated herself in the stiffest chair in the room, seemingly intent on making all concerned uncomfortable, and growing more and more impatient herself as the time passed away.

Her attention was finally arrested by the following colloquy between the other lady and Miss Sims:

'Have you put in a pocket?'

'No; we do not put pockets in dresses any more.'

'I want one in mine,' said the customer.

'There is no place for one,' was the reply.

'Well, you can make a place for one, for I want a pocket.'

'The folds here will interfere with it, and the drapery there. There really is no place for a pocket,' said the dressmaker.

'Well, I can do without folds and I can do without drapery, but a pocket I cannot do without, if it has to be sewed on the outside of my skirt.'

In vain Miss Sims tried to influence her, until, weary with the discussion, her customer, Mrs. Bell; explained, saying:

'I have been robbed too many times of a blessing from my heavenly Father because I had no pocket—and my purse, of course, at home—to run any such risks again. In church and in other places I have been deprived too often lately of the blessing of giving for the want of a pocket, to have any patience with such a fashion. I have sat and listened when causes were presented to which I would gladly have contributed, but the privilege passed, and with it the blessing I might have had. Yes, I must have a pocket.'

Mrs. Niles rose from her uncomfortable seat, now deeply interested. She had heard her Father's name mentioned, and Mrs. Bell was talking in no strange tongue to her. Crossing the room, she said:

'I have been annoyed because I was detained this morning, but my Father has kept me here to teach me this lesson. I, too, have missed the blessing of giving many a time for the same reason, but I solemnly resolve not to have another dress made without a pocket.'

The dressmaker added: 'I am a Roman Catholic, but you have converted me to "pockets," and I shall hereafter put them in dresses, unless requested not to do so. You, Mrs. Bell, shall most certainly have a pocket.'

The lady narrating this story said she had noticed the evening before, at the meeting, when the collection was taken up, that many of the ladies appeared to have no pockets, and she thought that they realized that they, too, had missed the blessing of giving.

When all Christians come to consider it such a privilege to give to missionary work that they confidently look for a blessing, and grieve lest they lose it, we shall not have to beg for money as now, and receive only pennies where we should have shillings.

When you go to the house of prayer, wear garments with pockets, and have something in the pockets, if it is only a widow's mite.

My Prayer.

If there be some weaker one
Give me strength to help him on:
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee,
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.
—J G. Whittier.

LITTLE FOLKS

Baby Foxes at Play.

A bright new book of animal stories for children, by Rev. William J. Long, of Stamford, Ct., entitled 'Ways of Wood Folk,' contains this vivid description of the antics of fox cubs :

One of the most fascinating bits of animal study is to begin at the very beginning of fox education, i e., to find a fox den, and go there some afternoon in early June and hide at a distance, where you can watch the entrance through your field-glass. Every afternoon the young foxes come out to play in the sunshine like so many kittens. Bright little bundles of yellow fur they seem, full of tricks and whims, with pointed faces that change only from exclamation to interrogation points and back again. For hours at a stretch they roll about and chase tails and pounce upon the quiet old mother with fierce little barks.

One climbs laboriously up the rock behind the den and sits on his tail, gravely surveying the great landscape, with a comical little air of importance, as if he owned it all. When called to come down he is afraid, and makes a great to-do about it. Another has been crouching for five minutes behind a tuft of grass watching, like a cat at a rat-hole, for some one to come by and be pounced upon. Another is worrying something on the ground, a cricket, perhaps, or a doodle-bug; and the fourth never ceases to worry the patient old mother till she moves away and lies down by herself in the shadow of a ground cedar.

As the afternoon wears away and long shadows come creeping up the hillside, the mother rises suddenly and goes back to the den. The little ones stop their play and gather about her. You strain your ears for the slightest sound, but hear nothing, yet there she is plainly talking to them and they are listening. She turns her head, and the cubs scamper into the den's mouth.

A moment she stands listening, looking, while just within the dark entrance you get glimpses of four pointed black noses and a cluster of bright little eyes, wide open for a last look. Then she trots away, planning her hunt, till she disappears down by the brook. When she is gone, eyes and noses draw back. Only a dark, silent hole in the bank is left. You will not see them again—not unless you stay to watch by moonlight till mother fox comes back, with a fringe of field-mice hanging from her lips or a young turkey thrown across her shoulders.

God's Providence House.

Have you ever visited the ancient city of Chester ? and, if so, have you noticed standing there in one of its narrow streets a building called 'God's Providence House ?'

You have perhaps read in your English Histories, about the dread-

ful Plague of London in 1665. Many story-books tell the sad tale of what happened then, and even in school-books we are told much that would be very interesting, if it were not so awful.

Just thirteen years before the Plague broke out in London, it raged in the city of Chester, and it is said that one household escaped it. The roomy old building in which this family lived is still pointed out to visitors. It bears this inscription : 'God's Providence is mine Inheritance.'

I cannot tell why it was that the people living in that one house escaped the Plague when it was raging all around. Most likely, as well as putting their trust in God, they were careful in attending to His laws of health and cleanliness as far as was possible in those old days. And so, as they were obedient, He was able to take care of them.

The inscription over the house looks as though both they and their neighbors ascribed the safety of those who lived in it to God alone, for ever since then—more thas two hundred years ago—it has been called 'God's Providence House.'

How safe we are, whatever may rage around, when we are looking straight to God to take care of us, and all the time attending to the things He has told us to do ! In this life we never shall know all that His good providence has shielded us from, and when pain or sorrow do reach His dear children, we know that they can only come through that same tender providence, which simply means God's fatherly providing. Thus trouble is turned into blessing before it reaches us.

How safe we may be in Him now ! and, if sheltered beneath the blood of the Lord Jesus, how safe we shall be, one day, when worse than any plague shall rage around! —S. E. A. Johnson, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Uncle John's Story.

(By Ross Levi.)

'Tell us a story, tell us a story,' cried three eager children to their Uncle John.

'What kind of a story do you want ?' asked Uncle John. 'Do you want a true one ?' 'Yes, yes a true one,' cried the three little voices. 'Very well, I will tell you how I lost my leg.'

'When I was a little boy not much bigger than you, Percy, I lived with your grandpapa and grandmama, away in the backwoods, many miles from any town. One day my mama told me that I would have to go with a message, to my aunt's, who lived about eighteen miles from us. My papa owned only one horse, and, as he was busy working with him on the farm, my mama told me that I would have to go this message on foot. So I got ready and started on my long journey. When I had walked about half way, night was already coming on, when a heavy rain storm overtook me. I thought it was best for me to get under a tree, and wait till the storm blew over. Not far from where I

was, a tall, big tree, which I saw some woodcutter had already cut half way through, was bending to and fro. The storm got worse and worse, it commenced to thunder and lighten.' 'Were you not frightened?' asked Blanche and Irene. 'No, not very much, as I was accustomed to that kind of storm,' answered Uncle John. 'Well, I will go on with my story. As I was commencing to get hungry, I thought I would eat some of the lunch I had with me. Just as I was about to untie the parcel that the lunch was in, I heard a terrible thunder clap and a cracking noise, and I felt myself thrown to the ground with such force that I was almost stunned. When I realized my position, I found that the storm had blown down that big tree I told you about, and it had fallen on me. I tried to get out, but I found that the tree had so fallen on one of my legs, that try what I might, I could neither pull my leg out, nor lift the tree off. I did not know what to do, all kinds of thoughts came into my mind. I would surely starve to death, as there was not much chance of any person coming this way, perhaps for days, and I would die a terrible death. I commenced to suffer great pain as the tree seemed to have broken my leg. I twisted and turned, and did my best to get away, but it was of no use. It was already dark. After some hours, I fell asleep from exhaustion. When I awoke it was already daylight. I felt weak and faint, from both pain and hunger. I looked around for the lunch I had with me, but there I saw it lying just far enough away that I could not reach it. I was in despair and was commencing to give up all hope, when suddenly my hand touched something on the ground and lifting it up I saw it was an axe, which I supposed the woodcutter must have forgotten. Then the thought came into my mind, that rather than starve to death, I would chop my leg off, and try and crawl, if possible, to where I could get assistance. Anyway, as I was sure to die where I was, I had nothing to lose by trying this. Still, when I thought of chopping my leg I lost my courage. The weight of the tree lying on my leg so long made it feel numb. I finally took courage and raised the axe, and with all my remaining strength aimed a blow at my leg, I felt the axe go through. Then I fainted away from the terrible pain. When I regained my senses I was lying on a sofa in my aunt's house, and my aunt bending over me.

Fortunately for me my uncle, who had gone to market the same day, returned home by the road on which was this big tree. This is how he happened to find me. He had first thought I was dead. I lay at my aunt's many months before I was able to get around. I will never forget, not alone the pain, but the agony of mind I suffered that number of hours I was lying on the ground with that tree on my leg. Now, my dear little children, this is the true story of how your poor Uncle John lost his leg.'

The New Play.

Elsie, Chester, Valentine and Annie had made up an overland-train in the dining-room, and were taking a trip across the United States. They had the straight-backed chairs for cars and the big rocker for the engine. Chester was engineer and fireman. Valentine was conductor, brakeman and porter. Elsie and Annie were the passengers.

Mamma was lying on the couch in the next room. She had the headache and wanted to sleep. But, if she dropped into a doze, Valentine was sure to rouse her by bawling, 'Dinner is now ready in the dining-car!'

Mamma could not bear to stop their fun. But she kept hoping that dinner would be over. At last the appetites of the passengers seemed to have been satisfied, and then she heard them planning to have a wreck.

'That's more than I can stand,' thought mamma.

'Children!' she called.

Elsie came to the door.

'Would you like to try a new play?' asked mamma. 'I will give five cents to the one who will sit still the longest.

Else wanted to try it; she told the rest.

Chester said he would just as soon play that as play 'wreck.'

'And we can have the wreck afterward,' said Valentine.

'Let's sit in the cars,' said Elsie.

'We'll give Annie the engine,' said Chester; 'she's the littlest.'

Annie laughed, and clambered into the big rocker. The others took their places and the play began. Elsie felt like laughing at first; but she looked away out of the window, and soon grew serious. Chester gazed steadily at the carpet. Annie looked straight ahead of her. Her eyes were dull, and now and then the lids dropped. Valentine fixed his eyes on the clock. Five minutes were slowly ticked away.

'It seems like a whole forenoon,' thought Valentine.

He wondered how long the others could keep still.

'Not so long as I can,' he said to himself. 'Elsie will laugh; she's always giggling. And Chester will say something; he's such a talker. And, of course, Annie's too little to keep still long.'

So Valentine reasoned, and resolutely held his tongue, waiting for the rest. He made up his mind they could not hold out longer than half an hour.

'Annie will soon begin to jabber,' he kept thinking. 'And then Elsie will laugh, and Chester will speak out; and then I'll say, "I've won the nickel!"'

Valentine watched the clock.

'I know they can't keep still more'n half an hour,' he said to himself over and over again.

At last the half-hour was almost gone. There were only two minutes more. He could hardly wait. Then there was only one minute. He grew excited. The time was up. He forgot himself altogether. He jumped from his chair.

'I've won the nickel!' he shouted.

Elsie and Chester burst out laughing. Then they all looked at one another in dismay.

'Did Annie laugh, too?' cried Elsie. 'And is the game spoiled?'

She peeped around the back of the rocking-chair.

'Why, the darling!' she said softly. 'She's asleep!'

'The nickel belongs to her,' said Chester. 'Well, never mind. She's the littlest.'

'I'll go tell mamma,' said Elsie. 'Mamma!— Why! she's asleep, too!'

'Don't let's wake her,' said Chester. 'You know she said her head ached.'

'We'll play outdoors till dinner-time,' said Elsie.

'And we can have the wreck this afternoon,' said Valentine.— Mary Elizabeth Stone, in 'Temperance Occident.'

LESSON I.—APRIL.

SECOND QUARTER, 1900.

The Beatitudes.

Matt. iv., 25, to v., 12. Memory verses 3-9. Read Matt. v., 1, to vi., 18. Compare Luke vi., 17-36.

Daily Readings.

M. Privileges. Mt. 5: 1-12.
T. Obligations. Mt. 5: 13-16.
W. Exposition. Mt. 5: 17-48.
T. Parallel. Lk. 6: 20-38.
F. Ministry. 2 Cor. 6: 1-10.
S. Judgments. Mt. 7: 13-27.

Golden Text.

'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'—Matt. v. 8.

Lesson Text.

(25.) And there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan. (1.) And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: (2.) And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, (3.) Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. (4.) Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. (5.) Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. (6.) Blessed the they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. (7.) Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. (8.) Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. (9.) Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. (10.) Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. (11.) Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. (12.) Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Suggestions.

It was in the summer time, A.D. 28, and probably the day on which Jesus finally chose the twelve apostles after a night of prayer (Luke vi., 12, 13), that he spoke the wonderful words that are recorded as the Sermon on the Mount. Tradition fixes the scene of this day on the hill called now the Mount of Beatitudes, or Horns of Hattin. This hill is three or four miles from the Sea of Galilee and seven miles southwest of Capernaum. It consists of two peaks or horns, the highest of which (the eastern) is sixty feet high and is crowned by a circular plain. The majority of Bible scholars hold that the sermon recorded by Matthew is the same as that found in the Gospel of Luke.

As the people were crowding around Jesus for healing and instruction, he went up the hill a little way so that he could be better seen and heard. Then sitting down he began to speak to his disciples and the multitude. He taught them that blessedness, or true happiness, did not consist in a man's outward possessions; neither wealth nor pride nor happy circumstance could give a permanent joy or blessing. Self satisfaction is not permanent satisfaction, for no one can be satisfied with his own attainments when he is brought face to face with God (II. Cor. v., 10, 11).

The poor in spirit are those who have no self-complacency, they are poor in those qualities which make for self-advancements. Their centre is not self but God. And because of their surrender of themselves to God they become so identified with him as to become possessors of his Kingdom. Happy are they who are poor in the spirit of this world that they may be rich in the Spirit of God! It must be borne in mind that these blessings are not indiscriminate rewards for those who are naturally unaggressive or mournful or meek or kind hearted. One may inherit these qualities in some degree from a godly ancestry, and yet choose to have no share in the kingdom of heaven. The beatitudes are for those who already belong to that kingdom whose charter of citizenship is regeneration.

They that mourn and carry their burdens to God, shall from Him receive that comfort and peace which the world can not give. The consolation which God gives is strength.

The comfort wherewith He comforteth
Makes precious every need.

Meekness is not a lack of spirit, as some think, but rather is it the possession of the spirit of true greatness. Meekness is that rare insight into the true values of life which give a man grace to stand before men in his true relation to God. The richest grandeurs of earth do not fit a man to stand before God; pride of circumstance clothes one but in filthy rags, but the beautiful garb of humility is acceptable. True meekness, the out-come of a humble sincere heart, is only possible to the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus (Matt. xi., 29.)

Meekness, like most other virtues, can be counterfeited so well that men can scarcely distinguish the true from the false, but God is not deceived. The cringing servility of spurious humility receives no reward from God. The earth is the Lord's (Ps. xxiv., 1.) and he can give it to his children to enjoy. Ruskin says,—'It is because of the special connection of meekness with contentment that it is promised that the meek shall inherit the earth. Neither covetous men nor the grave can inherit anything; they can but consume. Only contentment can possess.'

Hunger and thirst betoken the deepest needs of our physical life, so the expression is used to denote the need of our souls for God and His righteousness. A person without an appetite is unhealthy. Food is only appreciated by the hungry. So we must feel our need for God before He can reveal himself to us as the satisfier of all our wants. It is not a hunger which comes once in a lifetime, and then we are filled. But an oft recurring hunger to know more of God, and with each satisfaction an enlargement of capacity.

We must be merciful to our neighbors if we would expect God to be merciful to us. None but the pure in heart shall see God, only the blood of Jesus can make a heart clean and pure.

The peacemakers shall be called the children of God. Jesus can take from our hearts all quarrelsomeness, unkindness and indifference, and put within us his own spirit of peace and love. Persecution borne patiently for the sake of following Jesus, brings with it the greatest of blessings, for it brings us into peculiar fellowship with the Saviour who suffered so much for us.

Junior C. E. Topic.

ALWAYS READY.

Mon., March 26.—For service. Ex. 32: 26.
Tues., March 27.—For some harder task. Acts 9: 16.
Wed., March 28.—To give. Acts 3: 6.
Thur., March 29.—To go. Isa 6: 8.
Fri., March 30.—For the Comforter. John 14: 26.
Sat., March 31.—For Christ's coming. 1 Thess. 5: 2.
Sun., April 1.—Topic—Always ready for the Master. Luke 12: 35-40.

C. E. Topic.

March. 18.—Ye must be born again. John 3: 1-15.

Grave injustice is done to those whose rightful place is in the primary department by allowing the older children to remain. The natural impulse of the teacher is to cater to these. The lesson teaching is planned with a view to their understanding. She looks toward them expectant of their smart replies. She uses various tactics to interest and employ them; and meanwhile those even one year younger are either filled with the spirit of mischief which Satan always puts into idle minds, or are struggling to 'be good' and understand. These are indeed interested in a measure, but they get distorted ideas which are often grotesque and sometimes painful.—Mrs. M. G. Kennedy.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VIII.—EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON THE BLOOD.

(Continued.)

13. Q.—What other effect does alcohol have upon the blood-disks?

A.—It causes them to stick together so that they form small lumps, making it difficult for them to pass through the very small blood vessels and nourish the body.

14. Q.—What is the result?

A.—The red disks or cells cannot take up sufficient oxygen to carry to the different parts of the body; they retain the carbonic acid gas, and return from the lungs to carry the poison all through the system.

15. Q.—What other effect has alcohol upon the blood?

A.—It enlarges and inflames the small blood vessels, especially those of the brain and face.

16. Q.—What causes the red nose and face of a drunkard?

A.—The enlargement of the small blood vessels of the face, which give a red color.

17. Q.—Does alcohol make the blood thin and poor?

A.—It does. It absorbs much of the moisture of the body, and this creates thirst. The drunkard drinks so much liquid, his blood becomes thin.

18. Q.—Why does not a cut heal quickly upon a drunkard?

A.—Because the blood is so thin it flows quickly, and does not thicken when it comes in contact with the air.

19. Q.—Can a person who drinks alcoholic liquors have good blood?

A.—No, it is impossible for even moderate drinkers to have pure blood.

20. Q.—Without pure blood, what happens?

A.—Every organ of the body becomes weak, and either diseased or likely to contract disease.

21. Q.—Can you prove that alcohol does not change in the blood?

A.—Yes, by experiment. Dr. A. B. Hall of Boston, once bled a man who was dead drunk, the blood was caught in a bowl and on applying a lighted match the liquid blazed up at once. This could not have happened unless the blood had contained at east one-fifth of its weight of alcohol.

22. Q.—Name some diseases caused by the blood being poisoned by alcohol.

A.—Scurvy, dropsy, consumption, and many other diseases. 'The blood is the life.' Deuteronomy, 12th chapter, 23rd verse.

23. Q.—What organ of the body is most quickly injured by alcohol in the blood?

A.—The brain, and whole nervous system leading from it.

A Crooked Rail in the Fence.

(By A. M. Barnes, in 'Golden Rule.')

One day the missionary got Big Paul to help him build a fence around a piece of land where he wanted to plant corn.

Big Paul—he was called Big Paul to distinguish him from a smaller member of the family—was an Indian with a very bad vice indeed. He would gamble. But he came regularly to church, and seemed interested in all the missionary said. In fact, Big Paul wanted to join the church, but he would not give up that one vice in order to do so. Its attractions were too alluring. How many there are like Paul, even in civilized places, with the one pet sin standing like a block in the way! Big Paul was intoxicated with his vice. Its allurements were stronger by far than the desire 'to walk in the good way.'

In helping the missionary with the fence Big Paul put in a crooked rail, a very crooked rail indeed. On top of the crooked rail he then put a straight rail. Now the

straight rail was so very straight and the crooked rail so very crooked that even Big Paul was struck by the contrast. Besides, there was a great hole between the two, a hole big enough for a pig to crawl through.

Big Paul stood regarding the opening for a moment; then he nodded his head knowingly, and forthwith proceeded to put another straight rail below the crooked one. It was still the same; the hole remained.

Big Paul stepped back a pace or two, and again eyed the opening critically. Another idea struck him. This time it must have been a very bright idea indeed, according to Paul's way of looking at it, for he nodded his head more wisely than ever. Then he stepped toward the fence, took off the rails, turned the crooked one over toward the ground, and placed one of the straight ones above it. The opening was still there, only now it was directly above the ground, easier for the pig than ever.

'Paul,' said the missionary's voice at that moment, 'you'll never get the hole out of the fence until you take the crooked rail out. You might try all day, it would still be the same; for Paul, the hole is in the rail itself.'

Big Paul looked at the missionary stupidly. Could it really be as he said? Was the hole in the rail?

'Take the crooked rail away, Paul; use only the straight rails to build the fence, and see then if I have not spoken truly.'

Paul did as the missionary advised, when lo! the result was a panel of fence good to look upon from bottom to top. No pig could crawl anywhere through that.

'That one bad rail, sure enough!' declared Paul regarding it thoughtfully. 'It make all the trouble, as you say, missionary. While it there, hole there; when it gone, hole gone!'

'Yes, Paul, my friend,' said the missionary earnestly, 'and as it was with the one bad rail in the fence, so it is with even the one sin in the heart. While it is there, all is wrong. Never mind how many good things may be placed on top of it with the hope of hiding it from sight, it is there all the same, and it will spoil all else as did the one bad rail in the fence.'

'Paul got crooked rail in him heart. Paul love to gamble,' said the Indian, suddenly looking at the missionary, and the heart of the good man thrilled as he noted the amount of feeling in Paul's voice.

'Yes, Paul,' replied the missionary, 'the crooked rail is in your heart, the one sin that keeps you back from God and all the good things he would give you. Get the crooked rail out, Paul. Quit gambling. Say "No" to Spotted Tail, Coyote Joe, and all the others who would entice you; say "No," and say it firmly. Don't try to compromise, to do some other way and still keep the sin there. Remember how many times and in how many ways you tried to make the crooked rail do, to build the fence with it. But it wouldn't, Paul, never mind how you turned it. As long as it was there, the whole panel was spoiled. It was only when you took it entirely away that the fence could be made without the hole.'

On the Sunday Paul joined the church he said to the missionary: 'Missionary, the crooked rail done gone out of Paul's heart. Paul himself took it. It cost heap, missionary, much heap; but Paul make great pull, and it come. Now, missionary, give Paul the straight rails to build fence in him heart.'

We can guess with what readiness the missionary complied.

Young Christian, beware of the one crooked rail, the pet sin that will make all else go wrong.

I think it was the venerable Methodist pastor, George Hughes, who editorially mentioned the following circumstance in the columns of the 'Christian Standard,' of Philadelphia, two or three years ago: 'Once in our early days, when we unhappily had the smoking habit, we received a terrible rebuke. An Indian spent a night at our house, having an engagement to lecture on 'Indian manners and customs.' After supper we invited him to take a cigar. His reply was, "No; that is a part of civilization that I have not learned yet." The words went to our heart like a dagger, but the time of yielding was not yet. It came at length, thank God! We have been free from the ignoble bondage for over thirty-five years.'—'Christian Statesman.'

Correspondence

Apsley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for about five years, and I like to read the stories in it, especially the Correspondence. I never wrote to you before, so I thought you would let me be one of your correspondents. I am ten years old, and I am in the third book. I have four brothers. One is older than myself. All my brothers are going to school, but one, and he is not old enough yet. MAGGIE W.

Dixville, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have a twin sister, her name is Ethel. It is two miles and a half from our house to the village. I saw in the 'Messenger' a little girl, and her name was just like mine, Edith, and she was eleven. I want Edith to write again if she will. EDITH S. (aged 11.)

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I have a little brother, and his name is Harry. I go to Sunday-school and like it very much. We get the 'Northern Messenger.' My papa is the superintendent. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Chowan.

BLOYE BAGSLEY (aged 7.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will tell you about my holidays. I went to the country with my cousin, to my aunty on the farm. I was lonesome till my mother came. I thought that I would have a great time with the colts and lambs. They had seven horses, ten cows, and thirty pigs, forty chickens, fourteen geese and twenty-eight sheep. One day we took some salt down, and the sheep came to lick it. They put me on Billy's back, and I had a lively ride up the hill. I picked some wool. Mother carded it and spun and knitted it into stockings for me.

N. J. S.

Halifax N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia. I am nearly nine years old. My father takes the 'Witness,' and I get the 'Messenger' every week, and like to read the letters. In this city we have plenty of Queen's soldiers, and I often see them drilling on the common. There are strong forts, and from the citadel a big gun is fired each day at noon. Also in our beautiful harbor, we often have many large warships, and great steamers, and other vessels coming and going every day. I hope your paper will prosper.

J. ALASTAIR FORBES.

Homeville, C.B.

Dear Editor,—We have a little colt, he is four months old, and a tame pigeon, he came in a snow storm four years ago, and stayed with us ever since.

OLIVE E. H. (aged 9.)

Compton, Que.

Dear Editor,I have a little brother named Courtland, and a little sister named Gladys. My little sister is a year old, and my brother 8 years old. I go to school every day, and like my teacher.

BERNICE V. (aged 9.)

Lower Granville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' one year, and shall continue to take it, as I like it very much. I succeeded in getting ten new subscribers for which I received as a premium a Bagster Bible, for which I thank you very much. I am very proud to have such a nice Bible of my own. My papa has taken the 'Witness' eighteen years, and we think we could not keep house without it. I live beside the beautiful Annapolis Basin. My home is between church and school-house. I like to go to school, and am fond of study, particularly mathematics. I am in the seventh grade, and academic arithmetic. I have a sister older than myself, and a brother nearly five. I read the 'Messenger' stories to him.

SYBIL (aged 10.)

Manchester, N.H.

Dear Editor,—I belong to the Junior Endeavor, and the Good Templars. I have lots of fun here. ROBERT (aged 9.)

Lynn Valley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Grandma takes the 'Messenger.' I like reading the stories very much. I was seven years old the last of October. I go to school every day. We have five cats. Fanny and Puss are cats, and Flossie, Tiny and Tip, are kittens. I have one brother, 13 years old.

BESSIE A.

Weston, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Northern Messenger' for three years, and like it very much. My grandma sends it to me every year for a Christmas present.

WILLIAM (aged 8.)

Stone Settlement.

Dear Editor,—My papa takes the 'Witness' and we like it very much. My grandma took the 'Messenger' when my mother was a little girl. We live on a small farm. I like to hear mamma read Ethel's and Vera's letter about the monkeys.

PEARL S. (aged 6.)

Minnedosa.

Dear Editor,—The ponds near here are very hard, and my brother and I are fond of skating on them. We have got a pair of skates each. I have an aunt living in Portage, which is 80 miles from here. I like to go and visit her very much. My youngest brother is staying there.

J. H. B.

Carrs Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live near the sea-shore, and in summer I go in bathing, I also gather shells and stones. I have two pets, a dog and a cat; my cat's name is Tiger, and my dog's name is Ponto. We have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember. This is the first letter I have ever written to the 'Messenger.'

GEORGIE E. E. (aged 9.)

Quebec.

Dear Editor,—I belong to the High School Cadet Corps, and I go to the Methodist church, and I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday. We have been getting the 'Messenger' for a long time. When father was a boy he used to learn three and four hundred verses a Sunday. I belong to the Mission Band, and the day we meet is Wednesday.

P. W.

Algonquin, P.O.

Dear Editor,—One night as I was reading in the Correspondence, I noticed a letter with the name signed Beulah M. My name is Beulah, too, and I never heard it but once before. Will Beulah M., please write again and tell about the country she lives in? In the winter there is a great deal of snow here. As we live sear the ice I often go skating. One of the branches of the Nation river flows through our farm. It is not very deep here, but farther on it is quite deep. In the spring time when the water is high, we can go on the water in a boat.

BEULAH M.

Carleton Place, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and get the 'Messenger.' I like it very much. I always read the Correspondence first. I am in the Sunday-school choir.

BESSIE McL.

Ipswich, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I live in Ipswich. It is a very pretty place in the summer. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday, and like it very much. I am a member of the Junior League. We meet at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

M. E. HILLS (aged 10.)

Dendale.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' from Sunday-school, and like it very much. I have two sisters and five brothers. My eldest brother is in Manitoba. I have had the rheumatics. My youngest sister's name is Amelia. She could walk when she was nine months old. Her birthday is New Year's day.

FLORA T.

Sherbrooke, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm two miles from Sherbrooke. I keep five pigs. I have to feed them every morning. I have thirty-five hens, and I get thirty eggs a day.

NORREY W. (aged 8.)

HOUSEHOLD.

The Touch of His Hand.

(By Sophie Bronson Titterington, in 'Standard.')

The dear Lord sends His children, now and then, experiences that stand out with all the vividness of a miracle. Since He bids us help others by means of the grace vouchsafed to us in times of need, this true story is recorded of a marvellous, gracious manifestation in a most trying moment.

There was sickness in the house; sickness that brought with it nerve strain and anxiety to the watching mother. The absence of the usual helpers, and the sharers in the needed watch care, brought heavy burdens upon a pair of not over strong shoulders. One morning, confronted by a most distracting complication of duties, with a sense of an overwrought-physical condition, this brief petition ascended to the throne:

'Dear Lord Thou knowest all. Let me feel the touch of Thy hand this day.'

There was no time for a longer prayer. It was earnest and heartfelt, prompted by a consciousness of deepest need. Yet the petitioner offered it in a figurative sense, not imagining for a moment that a literal answer was possible.

After attending to the needs of the sick one, a kitchen in discouraging disorder confronted the tired house-keeper. It seemed a herculean task to restore it to its wonted neatness, and at the same time keep a listening ear for any calls from the invalid. Hurrying to and fro, a final stumble over a basket which projected just far enough from under the table to cause the mishap, proved the last straw to the unstrung nerves. The first over-whelming impulse was to send the basket with a vigorously applied foot to the further corner of the room. Just at this juncture, it was as if a gentle hand was laid on the weary mother's shoulder. A wonderful hush and calm fell over her perturbed spirit, till, soothed and quieted, she took up the day's tasks with a peace unutterable. Until night the sense of that touch stayed with her, and the blessed memory still has power to strengthen and sustain.

'"He touched her hand and the fever left her."
O blessed touch of the Man divine!
So beautiful then to arise and serve him,
When the fever is gone from your life and mine;
It may be the fever of restless serving,
With heart all thirsty for love and praise,
With eyes all aching and strained with yearning
Toward self-set goals in the future days.
Or it may be a fever of spirit anguish,
Some tempest of sorrow that does not down,
Till the cross at last is in meekness lifted,
And the head stoops low for the thorny crown.
Or it may be a fever of pain or anger,
When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,
And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows
Left carelessly, cruelly, rankling there.
'Whatever the fever, his touch can heal it;
Whatever the tempest his voice can still.
There is only joy as we seek his pleasure;
There is only rest as we seek his will.
And some day, after life's fitful fever,
I think we shall say, in the home on high,
"If the hands he touched but did his bidding,
How little it matters what else went by!"'

'Stupidity Among Children.'

A writer in 'The Hospital' warns parents and teachers against rash conclusions regarding a child's apparent 'stupidity.' He says: 'Stupidity, real and apparent, in children, presents a difficult study. There comes a time when the colt must be put in the harness, the child begin to study. As neither task is natural to the animal involved, it is almost impossible to accomplish it without a certain severity. The thing to be desired in both cases is that the severity may be no more than sufficient, that the powers of each creature may be guided in the right direction without being cramped and maimed. And, therefore, the application of whip, or bit, or spur, must be accompanied by careful study of the animal. You can never make a cart-horse win the Derby, and you can never make a stupid child a clever one; but you can find out wherein this stupidity lies, and what compensation nature has afforded him. It is only in comparatively recent years that we have begun to perceive how much tone deafness, color blindness, or myopia may have to do with an apparent dulness, which was too often set down as the result of inattention. Even where no such easily diagnosed defect exists one must admit such differences as puzzle the wisest. Against the phenomenal 'calculating boy,' to whom all arithmetical problems are as nothing, you put the child who can scarcely grasp the fact that two and two make four as an abstract idea. Yet he may be no more stupid than the other, but only of a more materialistic temper, which realizes things only when set in visible shape before him. The natural tendency of schoolmasters is to condemn as stupid the child who is dull in things scholastic. Life often reverses the schoolmaster's verdict, and shows that the so-called dulness was intelligence which had not yet found its proper channel.'

How to Open a New Book.

Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so go on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the centre of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back. If it does not yield to gentle opening rely upon it the back is too tightly or strongly lined.

A connoisseur many years ago, an excellent customer of mine, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office when I had an expensive binding just brought from the bindery ready to be sent home. He, before my eyes, took hold of the volume, and tightly holding the leaves in each hand, instead of allowing them free play, violently opened it in the centre and exclaimed, 'How beautifully your bindings open!' I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume, and it had to be rebound.—'Modern Book-binding,' by William Matthews.

Eating at Night.

A contributor to the 'Illustrated London News' makes this suggestion: 'If you have not been accustomed to taking anything between supper at seven and breakfast at eight begin by taking a cup of hot milk, in which a little nutmeg has been grated, with an arrowroot biscuit, then go on to a cup of chocolate (hot) with any light addition such as a crust well buttered. These will prove distinctly beneficial to all thin, nervous people, especially women, promoting sound, refreshing sleep, and curing that weary lie-abed feeling in the morning that comes upon the ill-nourished. If those who crave a cup of tea or 'just something' before they get up were to take such sustenance over night they would find the morning wakening much more pleasureable. Nature throws off many diseases, if you but help her, by nourishing the body, enabling it to eliminate or throw off the waste of the body, which is the result of friction; if this waste of the body is not eliminated, it is dead and effete material, and if not thrown off must necessarily be reabsorbed. Sustain the body, and it will bring you health. Of course, people who are plethoretic or stout must follow the opposite course to these suggestions.'

'Six things,' says Hamilton, 'are requisite to create a home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection and lighted up with cheerfulness; industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while, over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.'

Selected Recipes.

Cheese Pudding.—Make a batter with one quart of milk and four eggs. Grate half a pound of ordinary cheese and mix with it an equal bulk of bread crumbs; then add both cheese and bread to the batter. Season with salt and pepper, and bake in a pudding dish till solid and nicely browned. This pudding has a food value about the same as canned baked beans. With the addition of five and a half ounces of salt pork the pudding will make a full day's rations for a man at moderate work, but will require strong digestive functions.

Cream Dressing for Salad.—Beat together thoroughly three raw eggs and six tablespoonfuls of cream, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one of mustard, one half of black pepper, and one teacupful of vinegar. Heat, stirring it constantly until it thickens like boiled custard; if it boils it will curdle; let it cool, then mix with salad.

Cocoanut Pound Cake.—Beat half a pound of butter to cream; add gradually a pound of sifted flour, one pound of powdered sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, a pinch of salt, grated peel of one lemon, quarter of a pound of prepared grated cocoanut, four eggs well beaten, and one cupful of milk or cream; mix thoroughly, butter the tins, and line them with buttered paper; put the mixture in to the depth of an inch and a half, and bake in a good oven. When baked, turn them out, spread icing over them, and return the cake to the oven a moment to dry the icing.

Apple Potpie with maple sugar sauce.—Half fill a deep dish with soup apples which have been quartered, pared and cored. Pour over them a little boiling water and place in a hot oven until tender. Make a crust as for baking powder biscuit, roll out an inch thick; lay it over the apples and return to the oven for about forty minutes or until the crust is done. For the sauce cook together two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of flour, add half a cupful of maple sugar and a tiny pinch of mace and cook until clear and smooth.

Indian Pudding.—Take two quarts of milk, dip out a pint and scald the rest. Stir ten tablespoonfuls of sifted meal in the hot milk and beat well that there be no lumps in it. Add salt to taste, a large spoonful of ginger, half as much ground cinnamon bark, four spoonfuls of fine sugar, a teacupful of good molasses, and last the cold milk. Bake four hours in a slow oven. Half a teacupful of finely cut beef suet makes it richer and dried plums may be added.—'Table Talk.'

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